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homes in America, many of them. The house beautiful is common, the fine house has its fine grounds, landscape gardening has attained to high standards. Many of these fine homes are excellent examples of good taste in their appointments. There are well dressed women to be seen at any time on our avenues; but running riot through all is the bizarre, the eccentric extravagance of the fashion idolaters, who are ready to disregard all the canons of good taste at the dictates of an arrogant and all-powerful potentate of fashion, wherever it reigns. It is, of course, unnecessary for me to say that our art schools can not make professional painters of all the students who may have more or less active aspirations in that direction, but there is a more important work that they can do and that they are doing, and that is in the educating of a body of citizens which may in time result in an art loving people who will demand great art, and the demand, we may be sure, will produce it. There is a large body of painters at this time who have reached high professional standards. It is a common claim now that remains undisputed, I think, that the American can paint, but this mass of painting is not *en rapport* with its public. The public is interested, but not vitally. It attends the exhibitions and sometimes buys a picture. It begins to suspect that it gains a certain distinction through the purchase of a work of art. It will strain a point to buy an old master, or what is reputed to be an old

master, but it only occasionally buys a canvas because it is pleased with it, desires to have it on the wall, to be cherished in a daily intimacy. I suspect it is partly the fault of the painter who, with a strong sense of professional rectitude, holds to methods and motives that do not particularly interest the general observer. Now the real art lover will appreciate the true painter's self-denying devotion to an ideal, but it is perhaps an open question whether the gap between the painter and the patron can not be lessened to a considerable degree without any real artistic sacrifice on the part of the painter, but by a less arrogant assumption, on his part, of a necessary superiority of point of view. If the painter sacrifices his convictions, he is lost, but he may consider the man who can buy—recognize, at least, his legitimate desires, and understand that to disregard these desires will be to the disadvantage of both parties to the contract. One mistake the painter is liable to make—to underestimate the intelligence of his public, and he might well endeavor to put himself in touch with this intelligence. I believe that the literary worker who works for children finds that it is a mistake to write down to his young public. I think it is a mistake to paint down to the painter's public.

We may do well to recall the fact that it is the professional painters who have often denied the masters. The salons have made martyrs of great painters. Let us mediate.

JULES PAGÈS

BY LOUISE E. TABER

A COLLECTION of fourteen oil paintings by Jules Pagès was exhibited in a gallery in San Francisco last spring and created much interest.

The painter is by birth a San Franciscan and began his career as a sketch artist on a newspaper in his own city. Twenty-five years ago he went to Paris,

making his permanent home there. His unusual talent, developed by faithful work, has won for him the highest honors that the great art center can bestow—Mention Honorable, Paris Salon, 1895; Gold Medal, Paris Salon, 1899; Gold Medal, Hors Concours, Paris Salon, 1905; Salon Pictures, 1906-1910, bought



PAINTINGS BY JULES PAGÈS

by the French Government; made Knight of the Legion of Honor, 1910; he also is a professor at the Julian Academy, Paris.

In all of his pictures, landscapes and interiors, there is the note of sincerity, the individuality that comes to the true artist through intelligent sight and feeling. His work has the grandness that is peculiar to simplicity—a refreshing virtue in this chaotic period through which art is being dragged by “ultra-modernists,” “futurists” and others, masking the sublime with the ridiculous and calling it art.

Some of Pagès's canvases are expressive of his love of Brittany. “The Room in which Renan was Born” and “A Peasant Interior” are studies of exceptional keenness. They are rooms in which one feels human presence, although there are no figures, only a dozing black cat before the open fireplace in Renan's room, but life is there, the human touch. It makes no difference whether Pagès uses dark colors, as in these interiors, or whether his colors are bright, a landscape in a flood of sunshine, there is always a blending and a warmth of feeling that gives a living glow. His pictures manifest his deep study of nature. Furthermore, he knows how to combine those elements which express his own vivifying ideals.

The charm, romance and the languor of Spain have been reproduced by Pagès in two scenes painted in Toledo, “The White Patio” and “The Blue Patio.”

But no less well has he interpreted Belgium; a painting entitled “An Old Canal, Bruges” being numbered among his most successful achievements. Of all the paintings shown in the San Francisco Exhibition, however, the one which seemed most intimately sympathetic was a canvas entitled “A Fisherman's Hut, Brittany,” which pictured a quaint little home, hanging on the rocks, its roof a brilliant red, two boats near the shore with their red sails reflected a little less vividly in the shallow water. In the doorway is a peasant woman, her face sun tanned, a characteristic figure in her dark dress, sitting with drooping shoulders, weary from the years of labor that fell to her lot as a child of the soil and the sea. In this picture, and in all the others shown, there is evidence of clear perception and a firm bold hand, marking the work of the true and accomplished artist. It is not surprising that these pictures found many sincere admirers.

If a word should be said of Mr. Pagès, the man, it is that one feels in talking to him that the simple privilege of being an artist is in itself a sufficient reward. He wears his laurels with a charming modesty. While studying his pictures, one recalls what Millet tells us in the manuscript note accompanying unpublished sketches: “It is the treating of the commonplace with the feeling of the sublime that gives to art its true power.” It is this “feeling,” in its keenest sense, that manifests itself in Pagès's paintings.

THE DEL MONTE ART GALLERY

BY JOSEPHINE M. BLANCH

FOR many years the painters of California have found their way to the old historic town of Monterey seeking *motifs* offered them by the inexhaustible wealth of beauty of its surroundings. Both in and around Monterey one sees on every hand subjects that fascinate. The time-seasoned rocks; the wind-tossed

cypresses, their gnarled trunks bleached to ghost-like whiteness by the strong salt winds; the sturdy live-oaks breathing warmth and vigor; the restful grain fields with their background of dark pines and long undulating lines of distant hills; the blueness of its crescent bay; the glistening sand dunes vivid